

Good News To Ladies!

HOW ARE YOUR RUGS AND MATTINGS?

Getting frayed and ragged at the edges and liable to trip your friends up without a moment's warning?

Relegate them to the servants' quarters and see our new stock of

JAPANESE RUGS AND MATS.

nothing like them in Honolulu. New designs. New colors.

LEWERS & COOKE.

Xmas Feed.

We have just received a choice lot.

Call and Examine

our stock before you order again.

Washington Feed Co.

Fort Street. Tel. 422.

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COULD BE BETTER

For a

Christmas or New Year's PRESENT

Than a

Rambler.

Columbia,

OR

Stearns'

Bicycle?

We have them for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children. A new lot has just come by the "Australia" and they are selling fast, but we have a few left, and we have some more on the way from the East.

We also have some

Beautiful

Aluminum

Toilet Ware

And nothing can be more appropriate or useful for a present.

The above and many other articles suitable for presents, can be seen and purchased at

E. O. HALL & SON'S.

A SWORN STATEMENT.

Of the Benefits Received from the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

From Republican, Castlewood, South Dakota, State of South Dakota

Hamlin County, Carrie McDonald, of Castlewood, being duly sworn says that in the fall of 1894 she bought a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People of W. F. Van Dervoort, druggist of Castlewood, as a remedy for general debility and "that tired feeling" and rheumatism with which she was afflicted at that time; that she continued in the use of them until she had used six boxes and believes that by the use of them she has been cured of all the above named ailments.

(Signed) CARRIE McDONALD, Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3rd day of March, A. D. 1896.

J. W. HOPKINS, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were successfully used in general practice for many years before being offered to the public generally. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, palpitation of the heart, and that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

They are not a patent medicine in the sense that name implies, but were first compounded as a prescription, and used as such in general practice by an eminent physician. So great was their efficacy that it was deemed wise to place them within the reach of all. They are now manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, London, Eng., and are sold in glass vials (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred) by all dealers in medicine, and by the Hollister Drug Co., the Hobron Drug Co., wholesale agents for Hawaii.

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'TANSAN'

Best in the Market, and only

\$4.50 A CASE (FOUR DOZEN.)

HAWAIIAN WINE CO.

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WERE I BUT HIS WIFE.

Were I but his own wife, to guard and to guide him. "The little of sorrow should fall on my dear. I'd cheat him my low love verses, stealing beside him, So faint and so tender his heart would but hear. I'd pull the wild blossoms from valley and hillside, And there at his feet would I lay them all down. I'd sing him the song of our poor stricken land, Till his heart was on fire with love like my own.

There's a rose by his dwelling. I'd tend the lone treasure. That he might have flowers when the summer would come. There's a lily in his hall. I would wake its sweet measure. For he must have music to brighten his home. Were I but his own wife to guide and to guard him. "The little of sorrow should fall on my dear. For every kind glance my whole life would I give him. In sickness I'd soothe and in sadness I'd cheer.

My heart is a font welling upward forever. When I think of my true love by night or by day. That heart keeps its faith like a fast flowing river. Which gushes forever and sings on its way. I have thoughts full of peace for his soul to repose in. Were I but his own wife to win and to woo. Oh, sweet, if the night of misfortune were closing. To rise like the morning star, darling, for you. —Mary Downing in Minneapolis Journal.

"BUSINESS."

Mr. Percival Houghton was standing near the door in the Paultons' drawing room.

Houghton was not a very popular member of his set on account of a peculiar faculty he had of avoiding all social functions. He was to be found at the Paultons' today—well, if the matter were probed to the bottom, principally because he was an old friend of the family and Jack Paulton had reminded him he must not send a refusal at the peril of a serious breach in their friendship.

Some one plucked his sleeve. It was his hostess.

"You remind me very much," said Mrs. Paulton, "of a statue I once saw of Achilles. I think it was. Why this heroic abstractedness?"

Houghton had not yet spoken of his embarrassment when she put an end to it prettily, sparing him the additional confusion of an explanation.

"Come, let us descend to things more substantial than dead heroes, if not less poetical. I have a pleasant surprise in store for you."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Let me fetch you to an old friend just returned from over the sea—Miss Alice Coates."

She conducted him to the damsel in question and left them together.

"I'm heartily glad to see you again, Miss Coates," said Houghton, a trifle awkwardly.

"You may call me Alice, as you did before I went abroad," said the girl with whom Mrs. Paulton had left him, and then mischievously, "though I am quite grown up now, you see."

"Dear me, yes; quite grown up. Do you remember our chats, when we used to poke fun at the courtly old dames at your mother's 'at homes'? I have never found congenial company since you went abroad, and I have gone out of society entirely—become a kind of commercial anchorite."

"How fortunate you are. But then you never really cared for society, did you?"

"No, indeed, nor did you. Are your ideas unchanged, Alice?"

"Well, in a way. I still think, as you used to say, the world would be better off if it did not trifle with precious time. Yet—and I know you will pardon me—I am surprised to find you single. Is it possible there has been no one charming enough to break through the pessimistic ice of your nature?"

"No one, indeed. But though I will not be so vain as to say it is entirely, yet I will be bold enough to say to my old confidant it has been largely due to the fact that I have not had the time to devote to love-making. And, you know, it takes a great deal of gadding about before a man may even evidence his affections slightly."

"That's very true."

"Now, don't you think yourself that the conventional wooing is a very lamentable sacrifice of time?"

"If the woman in me decides, no; but if I persevere along strictly common sense lines, perhaps yes."

"How charming you are! Jove! You have not changed a jot, Alice, since your hair has been turned up and you have donned the harness of social slavery. But, to continue our subject, I honestly think this business of love and marriage might be expedited, for instance, in the commercial way. A man comes into my office with a proposition that is almost as important to me as a marriage, for it affects my life's affairs very radically. He wants an answer that same day—immediately, if possible. True, I take, say, half an hour or an hour to turn the matter over in my mind and view it in every light. As a rule, in that length of time I have come to a satisfactory conclusion. Now, if I could find a woman to whom I might say: 'Here, let us expedite matters. Let us get this preliminary business of love-making over immediately and come to the point without further ado.' Of course it should be some one with whom one is rather well acquainted, as, for instance, you and I."

"Mr. Houghton!"

"There, there; you see heresy will crop out even in an old adherent. Let me continue. I take out my watch this way and say: 'It is just 10 o'clock now, Alice. I love you very dearly. Will you marry me tomorrow?'"

"How charmingly ridiculous."

"That's right. So it is, perhaps, ridiculous, and I shall have to turn in again on my poor, old lonely soul—no one understands."

"But, my dear friend, am I to believe

your peculiar theories carry you seriously so far as that?"

"I am profoundly in earnest. My affairs of business are so absorbing that I could hardly give no time to love-making."

"Then you deserve never to get a wife, if you cannot sacrifice your business for her. Why, love-making is the best part of a woman's life."

"Ah, well! I had expected to find in you, if not a firm believer in my theories, at least a strong sympathizer. That settles it. You are the last straw. I shall never marry."

Alice, of course, might have turned the conversation into other channels, but somehow she did not feel that she wanted to do so.

"Well, supposing, Mr. Houghton," she began, after a pause, "I should say in the rustic fashion: 'I love you also very dearly. I am willing?'"

Though she tried to say this with admirable simplicity her face flushed in spite of her.

Houghton noticed the blush, and straightway became himself excited, yet without betraying it.

"Good," said he. "I should say: 'And now, if you will excuse me, I shall speak with your father. He is here, I understand?'"

Then, taking out his watch, "It is now 15 minutes to 10. Where's your father?"

"I think he is"—and never, until her dying day, will she understand how those words escaped her with such perfect inconsequence—"I think he is in the library with Mr. Paulton."

Houghton arose, and, putting the watch back into his pocket, made as to go away.

Miss Coates caught his sleeve. She was trembling, and the smiles had died out of her face. Said she: "Oh, Percy!—I mean Mr. Houghton—don't be so foolish. He will think you are insane."

He drew the sleeve away gently. "Be careful, Alice," said he. "We are attracting attention. Don't make a scene."

The next moment he was gone, and in a daze of excitement and confusion Alice hurried to the conservatory and dashed in among the palms.

When Houghton walked into the library, he found Alice's father and Jack Paulton smoking and chatting listlessly.

"Major Coates, I have just proposed to your daughter, and she has accepted me. Are you willing we should be married tomorrow?"

The cigar fell from the lips of the major, and he looked in blank amazement, first upon his interrogator and then upon Paulton, with a slight questioning aspect in the last glance. Paulton burst out laughing, and the major turned again to Houghton helplessly and said:

"Percy, my boy, have you lost your senses?"

"True," the other answered, drawing a chair up to the table, "this requires some explanation. Doesn't it?"

Then he told them of the conversation between himself and Alice as well as explaining incidentally many of his views of life which bore directly and some even which had no bearing at all upon the subject at present of vital interest.

"But Alice?" said the major. "I cannot believe she is a party to such wild plans."

"Oh, yes, I know she will be agreeable," answered Houghton. "She has said so."

"Yet I am sure she will have changed her mind by this time. She has had time to think it over collectedly. I'll go and ask her."

"No," put in Paulton, rising. "Let me do that for you."

"I'll give you just three minutes, Jack," said Houghton.—London Sun.

Costly Bottle of Champagne.

Some years ago Mr. Gladstone had met a possible claimant for a civil list pension whom he believed to be in sufficiently poor circumstances and had almost decided to grant it when he received an invitation to dinner with the person in question. This raised some doubt in his mind. On the one hand, should a civil list pensioner be able to afford to entertain? On the other hand, it might only be a dinner of herbs, and it seemed hard to deprive a public benefactor of a pension because he was ready to share his crust and water. Knowing that in any case there would be a feast of reason and a flow of soul, Mr. Gladstone accepted the invitation, and on the way propounded to his companion the following test: "No champagne, pension; champagne, no pension." There was champagne, and the host lost his pension. It was the dearest bottle of wine on record, for it cost the purchaser £100 a year.—London News.

Prentiss and His Wit.

Sargent S. Prentiss was a great lawyer and an eloquent orator as well as a humorist, but his humor, though at times excessive, never obscured his oratory or weakened his argument.

He was once engaged in a political discussion on "the stump" with a gentleman who was wordy, dull and spoke "against time" so that Prentiss might speak at a disadvantage. It was nearly dark when Prentiss rose, and the same moment a jackass in a neighboring pound began braying and kept it up until Prentiss' friends were annoyed and his opponents delighted. When the jackass stopped, Prentiss, casting a comical look at his unfair antagonist, said:

"I did not come here today to reply to two equally eloquent speeches." Then he sat down, and his friends carried him from the stand in their arms.—Youth's Companion.

Wanted to Be Like George.

Willie Littleboy—I wish I had been George Washington.

Papa—Why, my son?

Willie—Why, papa, he couldn't tell a lie, and so when he was visiting and was asked if he would like another piece of cake, instead of saying "no" just for the sake of being polite he told the truth and said "yes."—Exchange.

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Whooping Cough, Asthma, Croup, Catarrh, Colds.

Croscione when vaporized in the sick room will give immediate relief. Its curative powers are wonderful, at the same time preventing the spread of contagious diseases by acting as a powerful disinfectant, harmless to the youngest child. Sold by druggists. Valuable booklet free.

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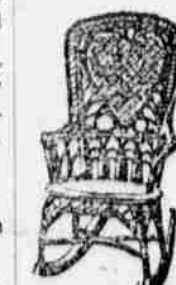
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WHICH THOU HAST NOT
TAKEN THY NAP."

That's good advice. The man who said that knew the value of a comfortable chair. Too bad he didn't live to enjoy a nap in one of our

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NUUANU STREET, BELOW KING, STREET, HONOLULU.

A Man in Arkansaw

Could not repair his roof when it rained, and would not do so when it was not raining because it did not need it.

This wet weather is hard on your roofs and unless properly looked after will cause you great annoyance.

Don't be penny wise and pound foolish, but see

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